

"Talk about the cultural emptiness of the U.S. if you like, but leave CARMEL out of it!"



POINT LOBOS by Edward Weston.

Mr. Spectator

With this issue the Spectator-Journal changes its frequency from quarterly to twice-a-month production. Publication of the book magazine albums will be continued as books without a regular time designation in the future.

In this issue, in an effort to meet public demand ,we have reprinted three of the most popular Spectator Journal stories.

The future formula of the Spectator-Journal bi-weekly will be based on both a news and magazine format.

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OCEAN AVENUE at Monte Verde. Photo by Wynn Bullock

THIS IS CARMEL

In 1922, Perry Newberry, artist and writer, ran for the Carmel Board of Trustees on an Art Ticket.

He posted this "Platform" on the town bulletin baord: DON'T VOTE FOR PERRY NEWBERRY

If you hope to see Carmel become a city . . .

If you desire its commercial success . . .

If concrete pavements represent your civic ambitions . . .

If you think a glass factory is of greater value than a sand dune, or a millionaire than an artist, or a mansion than a little brown cottage.

Carmel, in those days a village of 1,000 souls, elected Newberry. He immediately proposed that toll gates be put up to keep out the tourists.

Newberry lasted two years.

Today, 31 years after his Art Ticket's defeat, with Carmel a decidedly commercial city, swollen to a population of an estimated 5,500 within its corporate limits, with more true millionaires than true artists strolling on and driving over its many concrete pavements, with more mansions than little brown cottages, Carmel still likes to think of itself as the unique village it once tried so hard to be.

Like the proverbial ostrich, its head buried deeply in the shifting sands of time, Carmel has sought protection from progress by refusing to recognize its inevitability.

The changes came, however, welcomed by many and deplored by some. But despite the changes, Carmel has remained unique in many ways. This uniqueness is, of course, encouraged by residents and tourist-trappers alike, though for different reasons. Part of it is phony. Some of it is surprisingly sincere.

What is Carmel today? It's a potpourri of paradoxes.

A tourist town that largely disdains—even dislikes—tourists. An art colony of famous names that has produced few new artists.

A summer resort with five bars and no cabaret entertainment. A hard-drinking party town that looks dead and deserted at 10:30 P.M.

A community meticulously regimented to maintain its individuality.

A shopping center for a large semi-urban area that has only two chain stores and whose actual residents often go to other towns to shop.

A town where retired generals and effete aesthetes, club women and nature boys in blue jeans, merchants and amateur thespians, may meet on equal terms and, sometimes, even enjoy each other's company.

A highly commercialized community where few folks have an angle.

A town willing to spend a third of its budget on a police force, yet where almost nobody—and sometimes not even a few forgetful businessmen—lock their doors at night.

A desirable location for the independently wealthy, the independently poor and the just plain independent.

A Republican town that prides itself on its liberalism.

Carmel's idiosyncracies are, of course, a result of its unusual history

Before the turn of the century, it was hilly forest leading down to the sea, culminating in a sickle-shaped beach of unbelievably white sand. The beauty of this beach provoked Surveyor David Starr Jordan, later first president of Stanford University, to write an article about it for Scribner's Magazine in 1885, and to buy land and build here. He was among the first.

As the years passed, more cabins arose in the gently sloping forests. And, in 1900, the Carmel Development Company, headed by Frank Powers and J. F. Devendorf, began to subdivide the

Property was cheap. Living on it was cheap too. There were no Joneses to keep up with. While no agricultural profit could be made from the land, it was an ideal place for artists and writers to pursue their crafts. It was also an ideal place to just sit and

By 1908 there were 300 inhabitants, and a two-horse stage connected Carmel with sleepy Monterey. Carmel was incorporated in 1916, but still there was nothing to do except to sit, eat, sleep, paint, write and talk about it all. By 1922, the town had grown to 1,000 and become intensely aware of its character, so different from that of other American communities which expressed the young country's vitality in almost frantic productivity. In Carmel, materialism was a conversation piece.

In the years that followed, considered by many to be Carmel's golden age, the town became the home, playground or workshop of many writers and artists, already famous or destined to become famous later. Intellectuals clustered all over the place. Little theaters flourished. People like Robinson Jeffers, Lincoln Steffens, George Sterling, William Kitschel, Anne Fisher, Martin Flavin and Will Irwin were at their creative height, and their spirit rubbed off on fellow residents.

Upton Sinclair, William Rose Benet, Sinclair Lewis and Mary

Austin had lived here in the early days.

A count in 1929 revealed that over 200 writers, each with at least one published book to his credit, lived then or had lived

It was only natural that Carmel's fame should spread, and that people from all over the country should become interested in this pine tree community without sidewalks, streetlights and house numbers, where every second joker you bumped into was famous, or at least notorious

Carmel's name was further spread by such incidents as the historic hunt for Evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson who waded into the surf at Santa Monica in the 30's, promising to return from the sea in six days. It was reported a couple of days later that she had been seen in Carmel, in the company of a friend, and a score of the country's top newspaper reporters descended on the town. If, however, Aimee was in Carmel at the time, no one gave her away in her seclusion—a fitting testimonial to Carmel's spirit of the day—and she showed up a few days later in Agua Prieta, Mexico, claiming loudly that she had been

By 1940, census takers counted 2,837 citizens within the village limits of Carmel. A good many of these were middle-aged and older, retired people attracted by the scenic splendor of the area, its equable climate, its leisurely mode of life, its many cul-

Carmel, then, was really Carmel: it was contained on the seven-eighth of an acre within its city limits, complete unto itself. The early 40's were the last years in which this was true. As soon as the war was over, Carmel outgrew its boundaries, life became more complex, its relationships with other communities on the Peninsula assumed increasing importance in its life.

But before Pearl Harbor, and for a short time after it, Carmel life held a magic intimacy. The Post Office then was in the building which now houses the Carmel Realty Company, andwith no mail delivery to homes within the village-the Post Office was the community center. Everybody came personally to call for his mail. By their box numbers, the saying went, ye shall

People congregated at the Post Office to talk, and as they came and went they stopped at the community bulletin board. Everybody used this board. Everybody read the notices on it. It was the community's true newspaper, more significant and personal than any paper could be. It was the most effective want-ad

Telephone service was equally intimate. There was no dial system. Service, though frequently lousy, was extremely effective. If you didn't know somebody's number, you just told the operator the name of the party, and if you didn't know the address, it didn't matter, because she usually knew it.

In the old days, too, dogs were honored residents, and everybody knew everybody else's dog. There was one dog, in fact, who was everybody's dog. His name was Pal. He was the town's dog, fed by everyone, allowed to roam at will. Pal spent part of each day being spoiled by the youngsters at Sunset School, then made his rounds of the shopkeepers. He was buried with civic honors at the Forest Theater.

These somewhat disconnected examples of Carmel life in the old days have significance in the light of Carmel's character of today.

There is still no mail delivery within the village limits, but the Post Office has lost part of its community center function because at least half of Carmel lives outside of Carmel where there is rural route delivery.

By the same token, the billboard until recently between the Carmel Realty and the Village Corner is still in existence, though now moved across the street and rarely used. Nowadays only tourists seem to look at it, taking pleasure in it as one of Carmel's quaint oddities, and it would appear that those who post their notices on the benighted board are prompted to do so largely by nostalgia.

The attitude toward dogs has also changed. Today's dog lover in Carmel seems to abhor all dogs but his own. The police switchboard is flooded with complaints about barking dogs, and a couple of years ago Carmel's City fathers, with an uncanny misunderstanding of biological processes, moved to hold dog owners responsible if their pets show an inclination for using sidewalks or trees or fire hydrants on public property.

Despite peculiar civic actions, such as this, Carmel today is more virile than it was 15 years ago. It was a young man's town in the 20's and early 30's, in the late 30's and early 40's, it was a town of older people and greatly influenced by the retired

mind.

Carmel is still popular with the retired and aged, and there are 37 doctors, dentists and optometrists maintaining offices in the village to take care of them—a stupendous number compared with national averages—but, overall, the village is becoming younger again.

A new crop of outsiders came to Carmel after peace was made; young couples, young businessmen, many of whom had discovered Carmel on pass during their military service. And Carmel is naturally popular with the officers (and their families) attending the U.S. Naval Postgraduate School and the Army

Language School in Monterey.

Carmel's population in 1943, according to an estimate by British-born, capable and conscientious former City Clerk Peter Mawdsley, was over 4,000, including transients. The assessed valuation of the city was then \$5,513,180. The unincorporated area was ranch land. There were but few homes scattered here and there outside the corporate limits.

With the postwar years came phenomenal growth. The estimated population for the spring of 1956 was 5,600 for the corporate area alone, up 100 from last summer, with another 6,500 or so living in unincorporated Carmel which was nonexistent but a few years ago.

The latest assessed valuation for the village was \$11,868,055 in early 1954, but Mawdsley figures it's now over 12 million dollars. Carmel Woods, Hatton Fields and Mission Tract, which is growing rapidly, have an assessed valuation close to 8 million, and Pebble Beach, the Carmel River Bottom, lower Carmel Valley, and the Highlands have an additional assessed valuation of over 5 million. The valuation of the school district, which roughly comprises all these areas, is in excess of \$26,130,000.

It is almost impossible today to think of Carmel without considering these areas. Life between them is intertwined. The sanitary district extends beyond the corporate limits. The unified school district covers a large area, and three of the district's four

schools are actually outside the village boundaries.

With young couples settling in and around the village, building their homes and producing offspring, Carmel is rapidly becoming a town of children, something it never was before. Mawdsley remembers when his first son, born in 1922, was the only baby in Carmel. The district's enrollment as of October 1955 was 1,081, according to Superintendent Stuart Mitchell. October 1954 it was 974. It is estimated that half of the children come from homes inside the village limits, the others from the unincorporated areas.

An accurate count of the population in unincorporated Carmel is impossible at this time. The Pacific Gas & Electric Company has no breakdown for customers in the various suburban areas, though it counts over 2,700 customers within the village limits. The Pacific Telegraph and Telephone Co. lumps all the Carmel exchange together—there are 6,356, about 400 more than - and can only hazard a guess that about half of a year ago them are in the city proper. Of the phones, 4,786 are residential, 1,570 business.

There is little indication that Carmel proper, whose boundary lines are still the original ones of 1916, will annex any outlying area in the near future.

The outlying areas have made no definite proposal to join Carmel. There has been no application for annexation so far, and a good deal of talk against it, both inside and outside the city. In Carmel's Council no one has yet gone on record for annexation.

Carmel Unincorporated, of course, has considered the possibility of annexation, but so far the drawbacks of such a step have outweighed its advantages. Unless there is a bad fire, the outsiders feel they are better off.



CARMEL'S HISTORIC MISSION. Photo by Wynn Bullock

Taxes in the unincorporated area range from \$3.74 to \$4.40 per \$100 assessed valuation, while in corporate Carmel taxes total \$4.83. Outsiders, who can today build homes in a wide range of styles and materials, would further be bedeviled by many building restrictions which, had they been in effect in Carmel's old days, would have prohibited erection of a good third of the structures standing in Carmel today.

The unincorporated areas theoretically suffer from lack of police protection—a sheriff's patrol car comes by about three to five times a day—but there is no crime. The unincorporated areas, however, are dependent on the Carmel Hill Station of the State Department of Forestry fire service, and it's a long way from there to south of the town or part-way up the valley.

The present trend indicates a stacking of interlocking governmental bodies taking over the functions normally exercised by a city. Sanitary and school districts are superimposed, covering varying areas, and an eventual recreation district would pose the same problem.

Incorporation is definitely an issue.

The cultural life as well as the business life of many residents of unincorporated Carmel revolves around the village.

Everyone, sooner or later, comes to Carmel from surrounding areas if for no other reasons than to sit on the beach, go to the movies, listen to a concert at Sunset auditorium, perhaps attend the Bach Festival, go shopping, look at the paintings in the town's three art galleries or attend one of the amateur productions at the outdoor Forest Theater or the new theater-in-the-round at the Golden Bough Playhouse.

Art galleries and amateur theaters are, of course, strongly in the Carmel tradition.

Herbert Heron, later mayor of Carmel for two separate terms, founded the Forest Theater in 1908, and started the Carmel Shakespeare Festival in 1926. He again revived it last summer after several years' pause. Edward Kuster, a lawyer from Los

Angeles, quit his practice in 1919 when he was 43 and designed and built the Golden Bough Playhouse. Kuster subsequently studied direction with Max Reinhardt in Germany, made the playhouse here world famous.

The first Golden Bough theater, eventually the first theater in the country to show movies in the "art theater" way, (coffee instead of popcorn), burned down in 1935. Kuster then bought the original Arts and Crafts Theater, founded by Perry Newberry and Alfred Burton years before, from the so-called "Abalone League," and turned it into the second Golden Bough Theater. It also burned down, in 1949. A production of Siefried Geyer's "By Candlelight" had preceded both fires.

The quality of today's local amateur productions may be below the standards of Carmel's golden age, as some old-timers claim, But, in recent months, the Golden Bough Players under the direction of Lee Crowe and Charles Thomas have achieved thespian competence beyond the range of most amateur theaters, and it's doubtful that local theater was ever better than it is at the Golden Bough today. Other amateur groups, occasionally springing up in the village, are a different story. Most flop immediately. A notable exception is the Forest Theater Workshop, a fairly new group that is trying not commercial but experimental theater and may turn out to be a good school for amateur actors in this area.

Outsiders, possossed of experienced critical discrimination, are occasionally appalled at what sometimes passes for art or theater in Carmel, a community of no mean cultural pretension where they expect to find consistently professional standards. Fact of the matter is that Carmel, though blessed with much talent, is also cursed with much mediocrity.

This mediocrity is encouraged by Carmel's peculiar capacity for transcending the big fish in the little pond routine. It has the trick mirror talent of making a tadpole appear a whale, and, as a result failures from elsewhere, not just the little stuff, sometimes succeed in somehow cornering big local reputations.

Despite its generous quota of artistic phonies and/or mediocrities, however, Carmel may boast without fear of contradiction that it has more successful creative talent per square foot than any

other small town in the country.

Carmel and its immediate environs are the home of Poet Robinson Jeffers, Painters Patricia Cunningham, Leslie Emery, Armin Hansen, Linford Donovan; Sculptor Clancy Bates; Cartoonists Eldon Dedini, Bill O'Malley, Vaughn Shoemaker, Hank Ketcham, Jimmy Hatlo; Authors Ernest K. Gann, Howard Rigsby; Photographers Edward and Brett Weston; Architects Jon Konigshofer and Mark Mills, and many other nationally known "names" in the arts and crafts. Bing Crosby and Greer Garson have homes on Pebble Beach, spend part of the year on the Peninsula, are often seen on the streets of Carmel.

In addition to the accomplished, of course, Carmel teems with young talent in the arts. But there is little future for the promising youngsters here. Many of them—the weaker—are condemned to squander their talents on the temptress of artistic conversation.

They stay, and eventually become Carmel characters.

The stronger often leave after a period of disillusioning apprenticeship. They find that, at this time at least, Carmel is a fine place for the already successful, but a place that's almost

impossible to become successful in.

It would not take much to make Carmel a true are center. An annual art festival, open to outsiders as well as local artists, might do the trick, offering as it would to the young an opportunity to vend their products on a free market place of taste that would attract art lovers from all over the nation.

The presence of the famed is, to some extent, one of the tourist attractions Carmel has to offer in addition to quaint cottages, specialty shops and a cypress-studded water front.

Carmel people manage to act quite blase about their celebrities, including visiting movie stars, but take every opportunity to point

out people in the limelight to visiting firemen.

Carmel frowns on the tourist, yet makes a good share of its living from him. Some store owners admit that 50 percent or more of their sales are to visitors, and if that is the case, it is also an economic fact that without tourist money coming in many of their other sales—to local people—could not take place.

their other sales—to local people—could not take place.

It is not easy to be a shopkeeper in Carmel. To cater to the tourist a merchant feels he has to carry unique merchandise. As long as there are only a few shops, that's fine, but with as many shops as exist in Carmel today, many merchants find competitors carrying the very same merchandise they thought they purchased as unique.

The competition in some fields is terrific as indicated by the number of business licenses listed by Larry Rose, Carmel's young and energetic recently elected City Clerk.

There are 47 apparel shops, 33 gift shops, 28 arts and crafts establishments that do retail selling. There are 46 hotels, inns and lodges; 30 restaurants.

There are also 14 businesses handling horticultural supplies and services; seven shops selling jewelry, silver and clocks; six shops selling sporting goods, pets and toys. (There is, incidentally, also one fortune teller.)

Shopkeepers complain today that the tourist is not spending as much as they used to. Some say that the average tourist, in the late 40's, spent around \$8 each sale and that today the average

tourist only buys 85 cents worth.

This may be so—an indication of the times—but there is little to substantiate these figures in the sales tax returns which cover all retail sales except food and gasoline. These returns, according to the City Clerk's office, show a steady increase since they went into effect in the December quarter of 1951.

Indicative of the amount of local activity is also the Post Office volume. Postmaster Fred Mylar announced that gross receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1955, were \$169,887.48.

The surprising thing about Carmel's Post Office gross is that nearly \$70,000 of it was clear profit, amazing in view of the fact that nationally the Post Office Department shows a deficit.

The local Post Office, almost bursting at the seams, feels that some day it may have to violate the time-honored Carmel custom of no postmen. It may start delivering mail in the business district.

That Carmel people, or at last some Carmel people, have plenty of money to spend is obvious. Their standard of living is generally high; the average cost of a home in Carmel is \$20,000.

Foreign travel is an indicative luxury item. The travel agencies of Margaret Peasley and Phinney-McGinnis report that in 1954 and the first part of 1955 they have arranged trips to Europe for 208 Carmel people, trips to Latin America (including Mexico) for 87, trips to the Far East for 33, trips to Hawaii for 162, trips to Alaska for 37 and trips around the world for 14.

In 14 months that's 541 people going to faraway places; figuring the overall Carmel population at about 12,000 that means, on a year's average, one out of 28 residents going abroad. If this average applied to the whole country, it would mean that nearly 6,000,000 Americans went abroad in 1954, paying their own way, which wasn't so.

Carmel can still be a cheap place to live. Although real estate began to skyrocket after the war—a 2-bedroom house on Casanova sold for \$4,000 in 1945, \$8,500 in 1946 and \$14,000 just a year later—some cottages are still available for very low rent, say around \$50 a month—although most rentals run in the \$100 bracket.

With everything concentrated in a small area, there are no transportation costs. And dress is unimportant. When a guy is too broke to buy a new suit, he simply becomes a character. All this makes Carmel very attractive for people who like to take it easy, make a minimum of money and still live the good life.

Most Carmel homes, built on 40 by 100 lots, are two bedroom and two baths. The late Hugh Comstock had the biggest influence on local architecture. His is the famed Carmel cottage. He designed the Tuck Box on Dolores Street, but that was before the war. After the war, he went in for post-adobe which became especially popular in the outlying districts where there was still room to build.

Architectural standards in Carmel are hard to define. The planning commission okays houses that look like they belong in Carmel. The best way, architects found, to get a modern building through was to dress up their rendering with knickknacks.

Back in 1908, when Heron first came to town, lots in Carmel sold for \$150. Lots today go for at least \$3,500, and the last waterfront lot sold for about \$9,000. There are just a couple of waterfront lots left now.

Heron, in the early days, had the chance to buy the southeast corner of Ocean and San Carlos, where the Standard Oil Station is, for \$1,000. He passed it up. Today, the corner is valued in excess of \$100,000.

The valuable downtown property, where rents range from \$100 to \$450 for offices and stores depending on location, size

and friendship, is owned by a few families.

The largest real estate holdings belong to the decendants of Tom Doud, wealthy Monterey cattle rancher; Mary Goold, descendant of the old Carmel Mission Machado family and widow of Charles Goold, one-time councilman and livery stable operator; the Mary Dummage estate, and members of the Leidig family, Robert and Fred.

One thing that may stop Carmel's benefit from anything is the parking problem. With little room to park in the business district and the ever-present threat of a ticket, generously dispensed by the Carmel Police Department, visitors are increasingly discouraged from shopping here.

If the parking problem is not solved, and it is not solved by ticketing shoppers and tourists, the time may come—and sooner than most would think—when shopping centers will mushroom outside the village limits, say at the mouth of Carmel Valley near the booming Mission Tract, and draw a good deal of business away from Carmel.

Someday, as the Peninsula grows in population, there will be such shopping centers, but Carmel can remain in a competitive situation if it finds a solution to the congestion problem.

A partial solution could be a project that has now been in the air for about a year: to build a shopping center on an acre-and-a-half site on the southwest corner of Ocean and Junipero. This center would offer parking facilities for an estimated 120 shoppers, according to the first tentative plans.

Another shopping center is now under construction on Junipero near Sixth Street.

But, even if this project and other projects along similar lines should succeed in Carmel, a retail business district alone—no matter how successful—does not make for a community of vitality and progress.

Although Carmel is an ideal place for youngsters to grow up, opportunities for them, once they reach maturity, are extremely limited. Most kids leave after graduation from high school to invest their energy and talents elsewhere.

The eventual consequence of such an exodus of youth are obvious.

Despite such drawbacks, the leisurely pace of Carmel life as it is lived today offers a unique experience in our hurried world, an experience from which many people are willing to trade the practical expediences that make for the super-efficient existence of the mid-20th century.

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Monarch of Castles

Some 90 miles south of Carmel where the stately Santa Lucia Mountains level out toward the sea, stands a fantastic monument to the biggest accumulator in U. S. history.

Back some six miles from Highway 1, on a hill that rises 200 feet above sea level, looms an incredible Moorish castle graced by towers of an imported Spanish Cathedral.

It is the "Arabian Nights" dream, San Simeon, of William Randolph Hearst. Costing upwards of twenty-five million to build, it represents the philosophy and personality of a man who once bossed the United States' biggest publication chain.

When death came in 1951, Mr. Hearst still ruled a tremendous empire, but it was nowhere near the heyday that afforded the luxury of amassing San Simeon.

The ingredients of the "camp" as Hearst called San Simeon came from the ends of the earth. The ceilings of La Casa Grande, the main house, were ripped out of the castles of Europe, often while foreign governments intervened without avail to prevent their Hearst liberation.

The three guest houses packed with historical possessions of a dozen kings, including Cardinal Richelicu's bed, house 150 guests at a bedding.

The outdoor swimming pool of imported Carrara marble, with a genuine Grecian bath house, is big enough to sail a large boat in. An indoor pool with gold leaf sprouting from its marble tiles is fed with heated sea water pumped in from the ocean six miles distant.

The great hall of the main palace is walled with choir stalls from French and Italian renaissance monasteries.

A half million dollars was spent on Gobelin tapestries for walls. Flowers nod from \$8000 Egyptian urns. A fortune went for imported trees for the garden. There are libraries, a theater and a bowling alley.

Near the castle a zoo of animals imported from Africa to India was kept. To the north is a sanctuary for Hearst herds of bison, zebra and kangaroos. Some of these still grace the lands of the "Ranch."

Still uncrated and rusticating on the palatial grounds are an English manor house and a castle imported two decades ago.

Under the main house is a two acre basement, which also housed Hearst's priceless antiques.

To the enormity of San Simeon's buildings can be added a cattle ranch and upwards of 100,000 acres. At the height of the Hearst acretion it totalled 240,000 acres with 50 miles of ocean front. But with World War II over 100,000 acres, now the Hunter Liggett Military Reservation, was sold to the government.

To build the sprawling palaces of San Simeon in today's income tax age would be inconceivable. The construction alone would run into astronomical figures. San Simeon and its continual modifications by Hearst were built in the latter twenties and early thirties. At this time Hearst was reputedly worth about \$220,000,000.

His publication chain included 28 newspapers, 13 national magazines, 8 radio stations, 2 cinema companies. In addition there was \$41,000,000 of New York real estate, 2 million acres of land in the U. S. and Mexico and a score of profitable mines in the West and in South America.

Just when Hearst decided to build San Simeon is not known. The original ranch property he inherited. His father, Senator George Hearst, made the first acquisition of the Spanish Grant property in 1865. By 1870 its acreage totaled 40,000 acres.

Hearst spent a good deal of time there as a boy. His father's house still stands on the property. By 1915 his interest in the property seems to have been renewed and he frequently held big camping vacations there. Huge tent houses were erected.

Hearst's San Simeon

Some say that the night fog was responsible for the construction of San Simeon. Hearst, an inveterate lover of movies, had a movie shown each night outside. The fog interfered.

In 1922, three years after the death of his mother, Phoebe Appearson Hearst, who left him eight million dollars, Hearst called in San Francisco Architect Julia Morgan.

From then through the early thirties, construction was almost continual.

Work was done from clay models, but many times after construction was started or even after it was finished Hearst decided to start anew. In some cases this was occasioned by the arrival of some new ceiling or treasure that had to be fitted in.

Originally the main building was to be two stories high. One day Hearst climbed up to the top to see a foreman and caught the magnificent view of the

"This will be my bedroom." he decided. The foreman shook his head, said: "But Mr. Hearst, this is the roof, the imperial suite is just below."

"Well, add another story and call it the celestial suite," Hearst ordered.

Hearst was a great lover of trees. In addition to importing and planting a Sequoia forest, that will come of age a couple of hundred years from now, he ordered that no trees be destroyed.

In one case \$40,000 was spent to move a giant redwood so that a path could curve properly. It was achieved by making a huge excavation and sliding the tree in a gigantic concrete flower box.

Despite the grandeur of the place, Hearst insisted that a ranch atmosphere be maintained. For instance, paper napkins were used in the great Dining Hall and bottles of ketchup stood alongside priceless 17th century candlesticks. Liquor was plentiful, but not allowed in the guests' rooms. These customs are still maintained today.

In the mid-thirties Hearst seemed tired of San Simeon and began rebuilding the Bavarian castle "Wyntoon" near Shasta, California.

The building of San Simeon closely parallels the personality characteristics evident in his publication interests.

For more than a half century after Senator Hearst gave his banjo-playing son enough money to buy the San Francisco Examiner, Hearst never stopped building and buying publications. The only one that he ever sold was the Fort Worth Record.

Some were started or bought as an excuse or whim, or for political or other reasons.

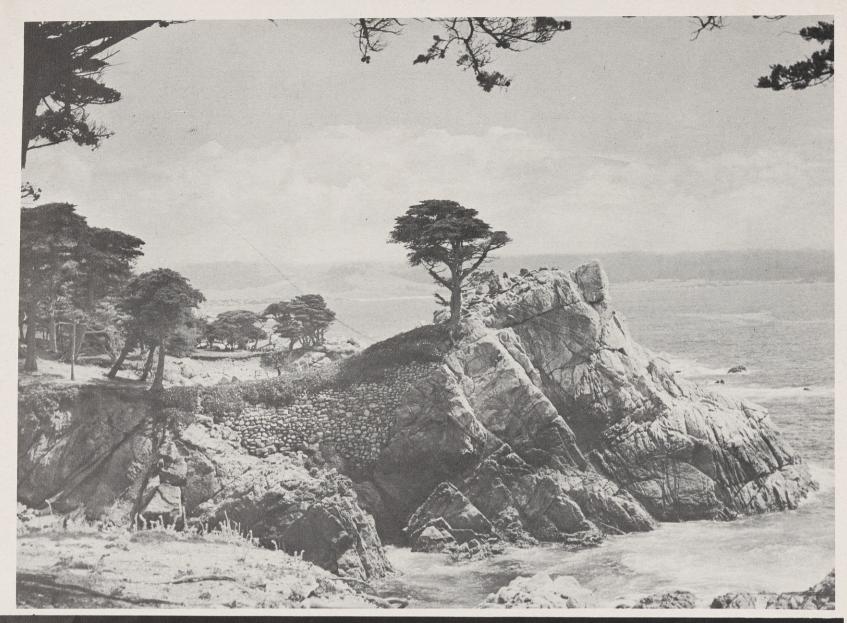
Possibly the most significant philosophy that shows up in Hearst's glittering San Simeon and his other enterprises was that money was something to be used, not invested to make more money.

Although Hearst proved to the publication field that outside money could help build publications, there is no doubt that he was a genius in his own right. His mother sold \$8,000,000 of Anaconda stock at the turn of the century, so that Hearst could start the *New York Journal*.

Publications under his close supervision paid off handsomely. In the magazine field alone *Good Housekeeping* twenty years ago was regarded as the most valuable magazine property in the United States.

He demonstrated individuality whether people agreed with him or not and had an unfailing eye to pick able publishers and managing editors. Most of these came from the editorial side of the business.

This basic Hearst precept is more and more ignored today both by his own and other publications, with the business office more and more occupying the central stage.



PEBBLE BEACH -- KINGDOM OF PLENTY

A Yale football captain turned eleven square miles of virgin forest and sand dune into the golf capital of the world.

He discovered it on a horseback ride.

That was in 1915. The husky gridiron star was Samuel F. B. Morse.

He decided then and there that the Del Monte Forest and the Peninsula as a permanent seat for "class living" had barely been touched.

Morse, grand nephew of the telegraph inventor, partially derived his interest from the fact that he had been called in by the Pacific Improvement Company, catchall corporation for the fabulous Big Four of western development to see what could be done about the Monterey Peninsula. The Big Four included Charles Crocker, Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington and Mark Hopkins.

Under Morse's guidance this wild kingdom of plenty has come to have an assessed valuation of \$6,600,00 on the County tax rolls. This figure, at best, is 40 percent of value. Even this is regarded by some realtors as a short yardstick of its actual value.

The forest has 550 homes, owned by a wide range of celebrities and blue bookers.

An average of 4,000 cars pass through its four toll gates each day to visit its 140-room Del Monte Lodge and shops, its three championship courses, two country clubs, and boys' school, Robert Louis Stevenson. In addition it has a gigantic sand plant well hidden in a remote section of the forest.

Today thousands visit Pebble Beach alone to traverse its 17-Mile Drive (actually 9.8 miles), to see its wild coastline, picturesque Cypress trees, witch and ghost. But in 1915 it was another matter.

The 7,000 acres of the Monterey Peninsula, purchased by Crocker in 1879 at \$5 an acre to augment the success of the Southern Pacific spur line south of San Francisco, was not doing so well.

Even the fabulous old Hotel Del Monte, built as the most fashionable hotel in the West complete with polo fields, race track and other items to attract the carriage trade, was being hurt by the war in Europe.

Morse did two things—he brought in a first class manager for the hotel (now the Navy School) and then turned his attention to the untouched forest.

He re-routed the 17-Mile Drive, picked up the deeds to choice Pebble Beach waterfront lots. One such site was the present site of Del Monte Lodge. It was then the site of a Chinese fishermen's village. He also rushed construction on the Pebble Beach Golf Course and the Lodge.

In a short time Morse became an influential figure on the Peninsula. In fact, one night the Monterey City Council met and decided to reform the city boundaries excluding the Hotel Del Monte and other East Monterey lands from the city limits. The property was not reannexed until after the old Hotel Del Monte was sold in 1948 to the Navy.

By 1919 the property was so healthy that an eastern syndicate offered \$1,200,000 for the property. Morse figuring if he was good enough to run it for somebody else might as well do it for himself, got the backing of Herbert Fleishhacker and other San Francisco friends and purchased the holdings for \$1,300,000.

The company was renamed Del Monte Properties. Morse, president and chairman of the board, today is still its major stockholder.

Morse, in developing the area, soon added two more golf courses, Cypress and Monterey Country Club, and by 1929 Pebble Beach was used for the National Amateur Open Championship. Later, when the Del Monte Hotel was sold to the Navy for \$2,149,000, he added some more rooms to the Del Monte Lodge and a shopping center and sought to have it re-capture the carriage trade calendar of the other hotel. In addition the Pebble Beach Road Races were promoted, another step in attracting the "right people."

Through the years the development in Pebble Beach has been a unique, threefold, real estate resort augmented by an incongruous but profitable sand plant. The sand plant is credited by company officials with pulling the properties through the last depression.

Pebble Beach has been called a feudal estate. This is actually an inaccuracy since few of its millionaire and other residents could be called slaves.

Del Monte Properties does, however, own its own roads, demand a toll of visitors and a fee of residents, to keep them up. Morse rules on all buildings and additions. He had managed to keep the area in the County, permitting a lower tax rate to property owners than urban areas of the Peninsula.

Although all property developments are ruled on, Morse does not require a rigid form of architecture as "long as it is harmonious to the region." And it must be said that, unlike many real estate developments, Pebble Beach under his leadership has preserved its natural beauty.

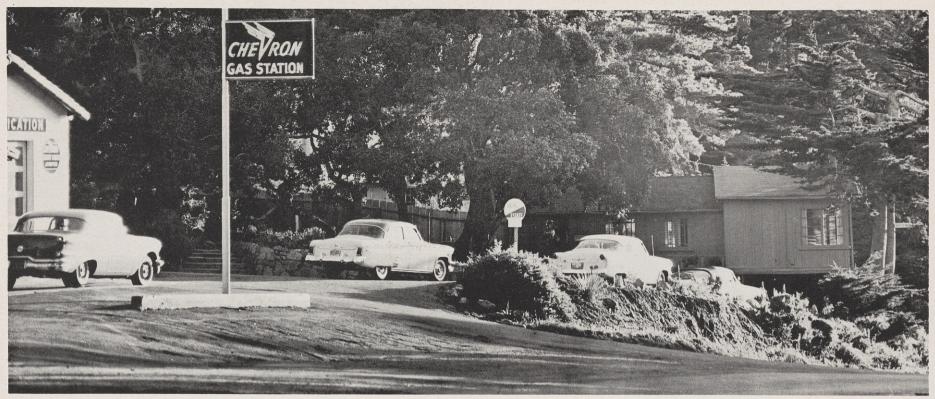
This area's architecture includes the Byzantine mansion built by Mrs. Templeton Crocker, 48 columns from 32 countries and 17 rooms. The house cost \$1,000,000 to build.

The George Harts, who owned it until recently, added a swimming pool and beach of radiant sand. The area's architecture also ranges to very modern as depicted by Movie Director Robert Buckner's guest house.

Today, at 70, still ramrod straight, Morse maintains: "Frankly, I was glad to see the canneries go. The Navy School and its type of people is worth much more to the Peninsula. People who talk about turning the canneries into factories are talking through their hats.

"The Peninsula's future lies in further development as a recreational area and making it a cultural center. Any industry brought here should be in the nature of main offices of insurance companies or publishing houses."

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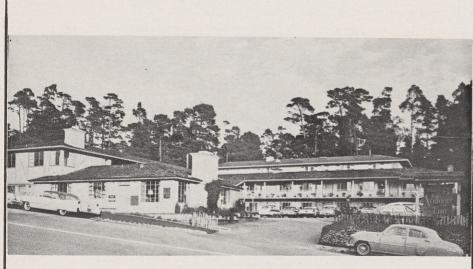
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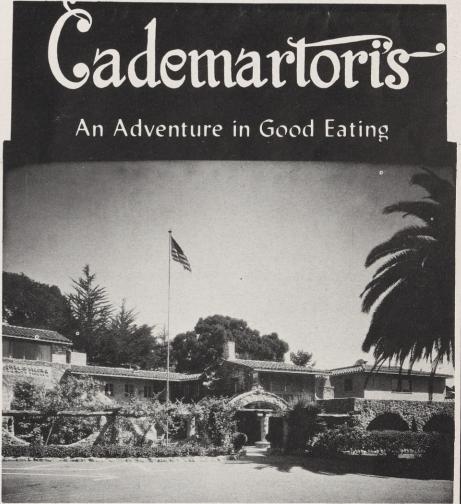
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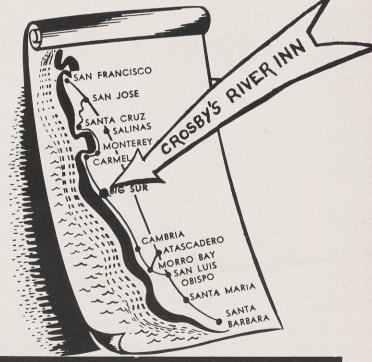
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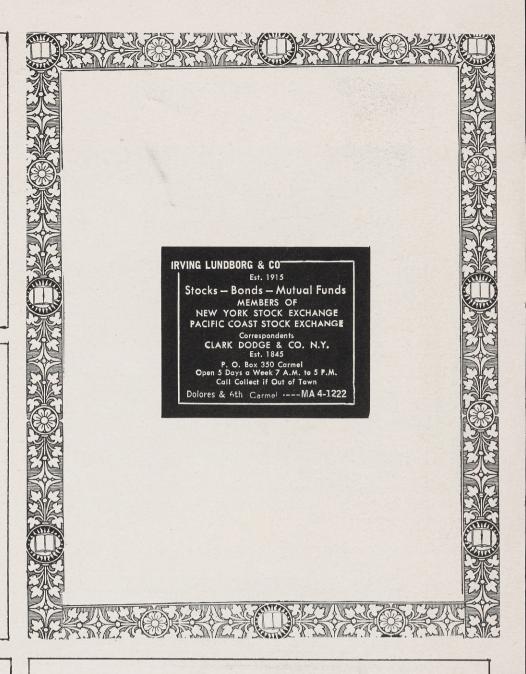
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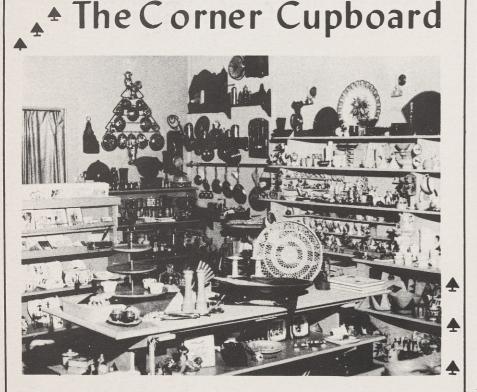
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ALADDIN IN CARMEL

Mr. Winter, the proprietor of THE VILLAGE JEWELER, has received the following clipping, written by a roving reporter who was greatly taken with the array of wondrous things in his Dolores Street shop.

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things in his Dolores Street shop.

"Aladdin, lost in his cave and putting out his hand to the trees which bore the fruits of glorious color and fashioned of precious stones, was no more astounded than is the Carmel visitor who just happens into the 'ear-ring' shop. It can't be, one thinks, on being told that there is a place whose sole stock in trade is earrings. It is altogether unlikely that a merchant would say, 'This one thing I do,' and then stick to ear-rings, of all things.

"And it isn't quite that way, really,

"And it isn't quite that way, really, because there are a few—a very few—other bits of jewelry to be found in this little cave. But these are far outshown by the main item, a piece de resistance which whets but never satisfies the appetite.

"Recently a New York salesman unloaded his sample cases before the doorway of this small establishment. He came as missionary to unknown parts, for isn't Carmel, California, a tiny hinterland village which tries hard but doesn't quite know how? On stepping inside, he fell back, dismayed. 'Oh, no!' was his shout of disbelief. There was no need for missionary work here—not in his department, anyhow.

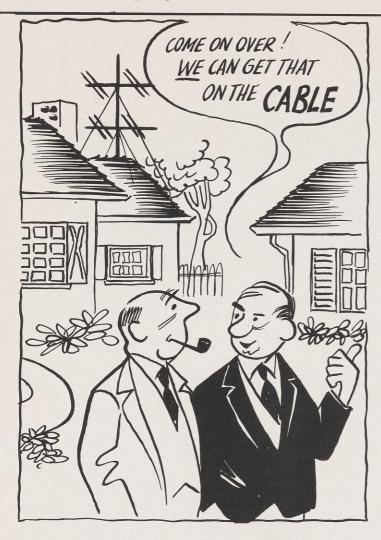
"The Village Jeweler,' whose astute owners have collected all this loot and put it under one roof, literally has the largest and most surprising display of ear-rings in the United States. No foolin.' And it takes a mighty stout-hearted woman to pass up the feast.

"Did your grandmother own some beautifully wrought bracelets of soft gold, with classic designs running through the pattern? And, having had these appraised, have you taken them down to the bank for safe keeping? You can match them here in ear-rings, and at a painless price. Persons knowing the value of Grandma's keepsakes will be properly impressed at the ear-rings you have chosen to go with them, and you can save the price of an extra safety deposit box.

"Every color of the spectrum, softly muted, is here, in ascending or deccending scale, as to hues and shades and tints. If it's azure or lapis Lazuli or rose or emerald or amethyst or topaz or gold or silver you prefer, you mention it. At once you find yourself in the predicament of the fellow who likes pie and is let loose in the cafeteria where the chef has out-done himself this day with apple and peach and cherry and lemon and chocolate and gooseberry and blueberry and raisin and custard and currant and squash and mince. He can't eat them all but he's happier than larks in the pop-corn.

"There are whole trays of each color, quite by itself. And these range in style from what you would wear to your Grand-Aunt Emma's tea for the ladies' knitting group to something dazzling for a night on the town in company with six drunken sailors. You accept a lapful of jewels from the trusting soul who is the proprietor and have yourself a big time. All HE has to do is hope your check won't bounce.

"There is something barbaric in almost every female. She 'hates' jewelry maybe, but when she says 'jewelry' she almost never means little things to stick in her ears. Count the number of women you see who are not wearing brooches, bracelets, rings, necklaces or tiaras but who are wearing ear-rings. That's because The Little Woman feels kind of undressed without them. The Village Jewelers is for the likes of her. And it's worth the trip—from ANY distance."



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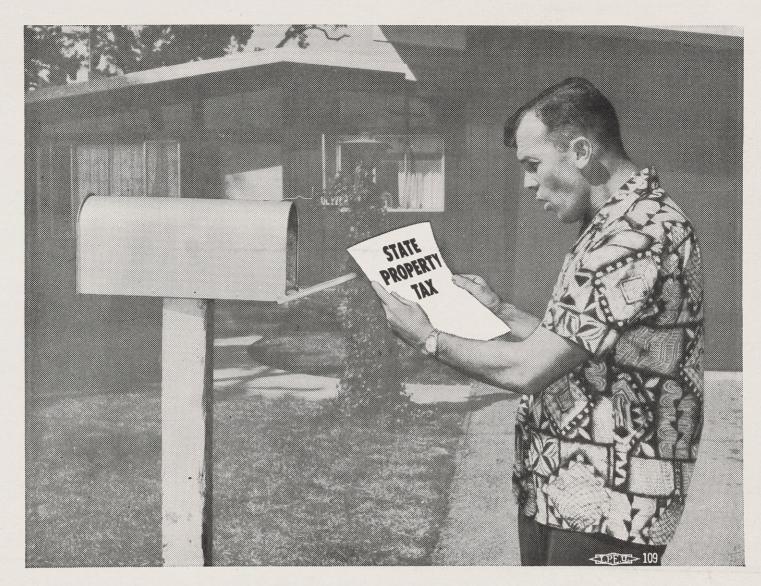
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No. 17 is called the Monkey Wrench Tax Bill because it would wreck the machinery of State government by its irresponsible tax tinkering.

By reducing the State's chief source of revenue—the sales tax—No. 17 would imperil appropriations for schools, hospitals, aid to needy children and the aged. By hiking California income tax rates to the highest in the nation, No. 17 would drive business from California and threaten job security.

Who'll pay to put the pieces together again if the Monkey Wrench Tax Bill strikes? Middle and lower income bracket people would pay the most—through new and more burdensome substitute taxes at both the State and local levels. Don't let it happen to you!

These, and hundreds of other responsible California organizations agree:

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Vote NO on Proposition No. 17

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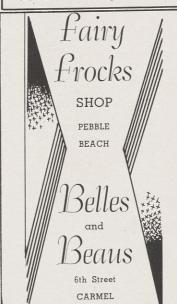
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